

WAR PRIZE CONTEST—(INQUIRE WITHIN)

Life



MARCH 27, 1924

April Fool

PRICE 15 CENTS



Wasted energy? If the right tools are missing you cannot hope to compete in modern life

How large a share of the worthwhile inspiration that comes to the business man and educator every day is irretrievably lost because there is at hand no quick, easy and inexpensive means of broadcasting it and making it do important service?

The right tools are needed!

We honestly believe that there is hardly a business or educational institution in all America that can afford to do without the Mimeograph.

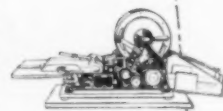
In unnumbered thousands of places it not only is saving many times its cost every year, but it is permitting the doing of many kinds of new work that could not be done without its help.

In some places it has more than saved its small purchase price in a single week.

By easily producing five thousand duplicates of a letter, form, bulletin, diagram, design, or kindred matter, in every working hour, it is rendering a great service in world-wide economy and efficiency.

Surely you will want to know what this important device can do for you and your activities. The waxless stencil process has given it a tremendously greater scope of usefulness.

Let the A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, send you booklet "W-3" free of charge or obligation.



Life

SPRING warning to the Tired Business Man—Beware the peroxides of March.

..

Doubtless when the complete prohibitionist takes up radio he will use only dry batteries.

..

Washington Society has been very active this season, with so many coming-out parties among the Cabinet members.

..

Heart beats have been heard by radio at a distance of 1,200 miles. This is not a surprising occurrence for Leap Year.

..

A treaty of friendship has been entered into by Germany and Turkey. The honors are even.



WOLSEY UP-TO-DATE

Daugherty: FAREWELL! A LONG FAREWELL, TO ALL MY GREATNESS! . . . HAD I BUT SERVED MY COUNTRY WITH HALF THE ZEAL I SERVED—

What the British Laborites are after is the King, Queen and jack of England.

..

According to the adage it takes all kinds of people to make a world. According to the immigration authorities it takes all kinds of worlds to make a people.

..

The American Medical Association asserts that money is free from disease germs. This announcement should do much to destroy the well-nigh universal prejudice against it.

..

Coins of small denomination are being circulated in Russia. This is regarded as the first step toward the recognition of the Soviet Government by the Woolworth interests.



"THAT'S PURTY DAM' AWFUL, AIN'T IT, SPIKE?"
"YOU MEAN GOING T' BED WIDOUT SAYIN' HIS PRAYERS?"
"YEH."



OUT IN THE COLD

Lloyd George: I CALLS IT MEAN! HE'S NOT MAKING ONE OF THE BLUNDERS I'D FIGURED OUT FOR HIM!

Suburban Item

HOW marvelous it was going to be! How glad we were that we had moved to Suburbia! Fresh vegetables right out of the garden, from April to September! Crisp red radishes, tender green lettuce, slender, daintily flavored young onions, beets, carrots, tomatoes. How different it would seem! Instead of jumping up and driving to the store I should merely have to follow the path to the garden, there to choose from the choicest of nature's offerings.

Although never in my life had I wielded a hoe or a spading fork, I felt instinctively that the garden would be a success. Hadn't I known friends who had once thought that parsley grew on bushes and who were now the champion tomato growers of their vicinities?... It was really a darn shame that the neighbor who had so magnanimously promised to furnish us with all the fresh vegetables we could eat had suddenly to move out of town. E. M. C.

Reaping the Whirlwind

WITH a pallor on his face like the chalk cliffs of Dover, the confidential secretary of the supreme movie magnate burst in upon his super-chief.

For one tense moment the latter's inquiring gaze brought no reply save gestures of distress. But even in these were unmistakable symptoms of the paralysis of fear. Then came words—hoarse, fragmentary.

"They're here—outside! They're coming in," was the underling's first bit of coherency.

"Who's here? Who's coming in?" asked the Supreme One.

"The—the babies! They've brought their lawyers, and they've all filed suits for damages. Millions! We—you—will be wiped off the map."

The movie magnate clutched the arms of his super-chair.

"Not the—?" he began, and his tones fell to panting whispers.

"Yes!"

Two minutes later master and man, well muffled, were making their escape via a private elevator.

And not an instant too soon.

The ashes of the magnate's discarded cigar were still warm in the tray on his deserted desk when the mob of determined men and women filled the room.

"Serve the papers!" they shouted to their leader, a legal-looking person. "We'll teach him to ruin our characters. We'll show him!"

There were scores, even hundreds of them. More kept coming. Even as the secretary had said, they were the babies—those who, when too young to know the difference, had been shown brazenly on the screen as the offspring of wronged, too-trusting super-stars, hugged desperately in attic rooms, or carried in threadbare shawls away—anywhere—into the world!

The movie babies had grown up.

A. H. F.

Non Sequitur

DOCTOR BROWN said to Rounder, "Be quiet."

Rounder said to the doctor, "I'll try it."

So the gay young barbarian
Became vegetarian
On a bootleguminous diet.

THE ideal Mexican president will lead his own revolts.

The Blue Monday Blues

"T'WAS that awful thing, a Monday the One-th,
Of all drab days the most dreadful day,
When the first of the week is the first of the month
And the mail is a bundle of bills to pay.
But lo! there was comfort even there
And a light shone out in the shadows dark
From a folder, writ with meticulous care
And mailed from a popular Burial Park.

"Choose NOW," said the script, "while you yet may choose,
Your resting-place on the Other Shore;
If you will but send for our Book of Views,
You can see where you'll be when you are no more.
Postponement means confusion and haste,
And your loved ones, though they may love you still,
May act unwisely and have you placed
Where you never would be of your own free will."

"Twas a pretty thought, and its sombre lilt
Went well with the mood of my Monday blues,
So I dipped my stylus up to the hilt
And signed on the line for the Book of Views.
It came; but the day it chanced to arrive
A check popped in at the self-same time,
And, feeling uncommonly gay and alive,
I scrapped the volume and wrote this rhyme.

George S. Chappell.

FRIENDLY CALLER: How old is your new baby sister?

LITTLE GIRL: I think they said she was two weeks and seven ounces.



Curious Passer-by: HOW DID IT HAPPEN?
Duelist (whose name we have forgotten): I WASN'T
SUPPOSED TO FIRE AT MY ADVERSARY TILL I SAW THE WHITES
OF HIS EYES—AND HE HAD YELLOW JAUNDICE.

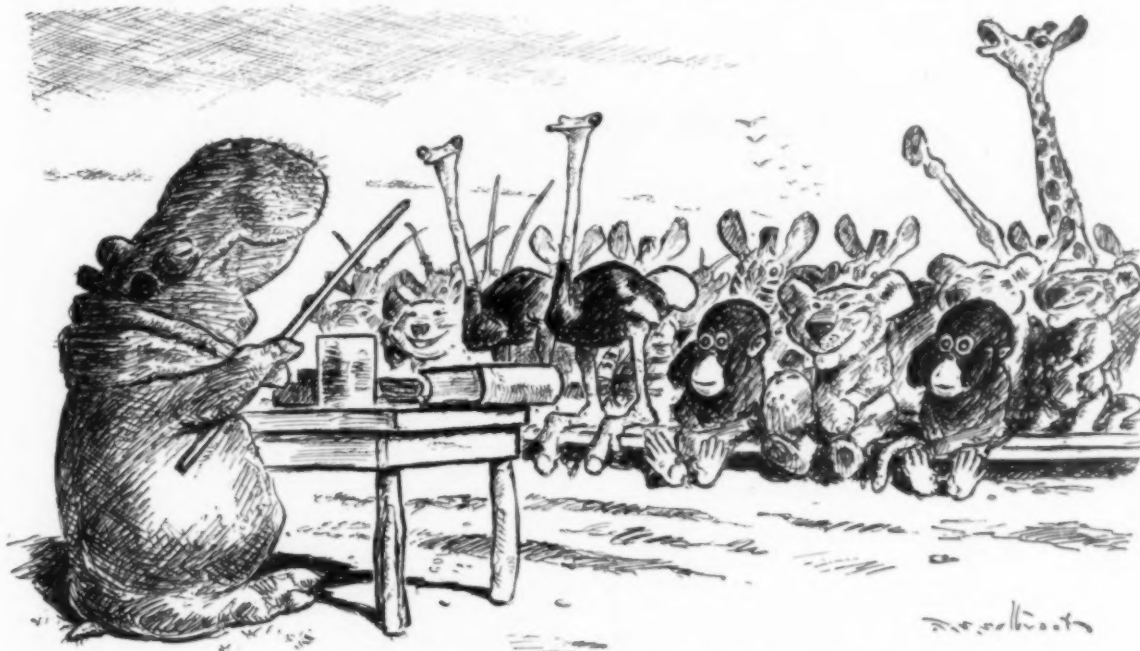
A Poet at Home

WE were interviewing the youthful genius, Mr. Isadore Locket, whose work appears so frequently in the organs of the New Poetry Union.

"Is it true," we asked, "that you write only free verse?"
"In every sense of the word," was his answer. "I have not as yet been paid for any."

He then added very hospitably: "Will you not join me in my evening meal? No? Thanks. I eat only one square meal a day, and"—as he opened a tin of Cramp's Pork and Beans—"it is a round one."

Mr. Locket's most outstanding quality is his realism.



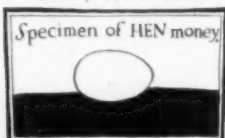
Miss Hippo: CAN ANY LITTLE BOY OR GIRL IN THIS CLASS TELL US WHAT IS MEANT BY "A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW"?
Georgie Giraffe: I CAN, TEACHER!

OUR FEATHERED FRIEND, THE HEN



Our feathered friend the HEN.

The HEN's a bird it pays to raise and, like the



Specimen of HEN money

woman, pays and pays—she brings more coin than steel or chewing



HEN swallowing an angle worm. (Note angles ++)

gum. She's wild for worms and seeds and such, likes table



HEN just after guzzling two crumbs.

leavings very much and gobbles every little scrap and crumb.



Hand holding a pan containing thirty-four oz. of chicken feed.

Just one modest frock of feathers serves the chicken in all weathers

(there she differs from some chickens we could mention), while her dapper spouse, the rooster,



Why chickens leave home.

advertising man and booster, wears the fancy duds and gets the most attention.



Ground plan of a bachelor HEN

Alarm clock service by her spouse arouses all the chicken house —



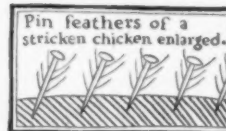
Rooster all set for a good crow. Note good crow.

his cock-a-doodle-doo's an awful row. He tells the hens in accents rough to quit the



A HEN of pre-Civil War period.

roost and do their stuff. He doesn't work but he can tell them how.



Pin feathers of a stricken chicken enlarged.



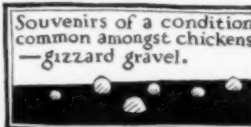
HEN about to go to work.

While on the nest she tarries, laying nice, white cackleberries,



HEN suffering from jazzed giblets.

hubby spends the time with all the other girls. He just flirts to



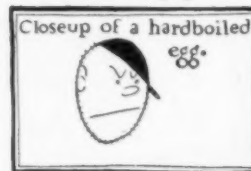
Souvenirs of a condition common amongst chickens — gizzard gravel.

beat the dickens — he's a bearcat with the chickens — and he doesn't



Decrepit pullet with one foot off the ground.

have to bribe the dames with pearls. No powder puff nor looking glass



Closeup of a hardboiled egg.

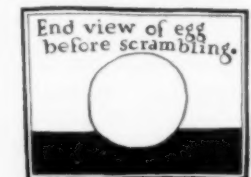
helps Mrs. Hen preserve her class; no rouge nor lip stick clutters up

her home. She has one little weakness, though—I never knew a hen to go



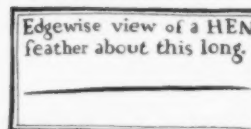
Nice mug of egg nog sprinkled with nutmeg.

to work—or bed—or gadding—shy her comb. Chicken fur is used



End view of egg before scrambling.

for pillows and for beds that rise in billows and for putting nap on undersuits of tar.



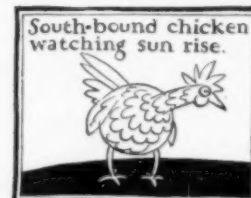
Edgewise view of a HEN feather about this long.

Rarer than a welcome earthquake is a pullet with



Wheat, beloved by all chickens.

a toothache—wherein chickens don't know how well off they are!



South-bound chicken watching sun rise.



Helen: DOES YOUR HUSBAND LIKE TO GO OUT EVENINGS?

Ethel: I DON'T KNOW. HE DOESN'T COME IN UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE TO GO OUT.

Campaign Wisdom in Jonesville

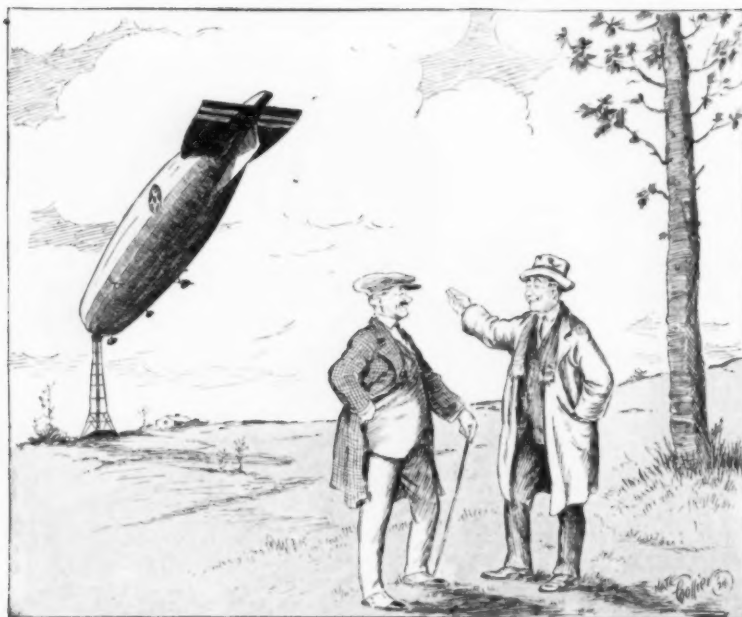
"THE first time I made Jonesville," said the gray-haired traveling salesman to the clerk in the Hotel New Trianon, "Main Street was blockaded with a torchlight procession, marching for McKinley and Hobart. The Mellon plan is fine, but there is nothing in it to get the boys into oil-cloth capes behind the Odd Fellows' band on a raw October evening. I've been coming here every year since, and I've never seen anything to shake my faith in a campaign slogan the people don't understand. You see, if they can't explain it they just march and shout and vote.

"I called on the proprietor of the New Bon Marché to-

day. He was saying that the big task of the campaign was to educate the farmers and working people to the need for big corporation profits and low income taxes. He thought the party members should go out and sell them the proposition. He said that all it needed was explaining; I agreed with that.

"That fellow remembers the days when the leaders marched the voters and explained nothing and always won. They let the office holders do the educating after the election. I wonder if this chap's county chairman knows he is making votes for the other party."

McC. H.



"WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THE SHENANDOAH WILL FIND AT THE NORTH POLE?"
 "DOUBTLESS A LOT OF ESKIMOS WITH STOCK IN DOC COOK'S OIL WELLS."

The Control

THE long, lean visitor having paid in advance for his séance, the medium promptly went into a trance.

"I see the year 1925," she muttered. "I am in New York City. I am buying the only morning paper, Mr. Munsey's New York *Herald-Tribune-Times-News*. Later I buy at a news-stand copies of the two evening papers, also Mr. Munsey's: the New York *Sun* and *Globe*, *Post* and *Journal*, and the New York *Mail-Telegram-Eagle-World*."

The visitor smiled contentedly.

"Now my control has led me into 1926," the medium moaned. "I meet newsboys, but none of them calls. 'Whadyuh read?' One simply takes my money and hands me a paper. A heading in blackest ink reads, 'THE MUNSEY MESSAGE—In Which All the Other New York Newspapers Have Been Sunk Without a Trace.'"

"What is in the paper?" asked the visitor proudly.

"My control shows me an editorial by Mr. Munsey and a notice by Mr. Munsey," the medium droned. "All the rest is advertisements—advertisements."

"Very good," the long, lean visitor commended. "And now I may as well admit I am Mr. Munsey. But tell me, who is that control of yours?"

"Alexander the Great!" the medium pronounced solemnly.

"Hum!" said the visitor. "Alexander. That was the chap who wept for more worlds to conquer." F. D.



THE WEIRD SISTERS HAUNT WASHINGTON, D. C.

Witches: BUBBLE, BUBBLE, OIL AND TROUBLE!

Macbeth: LET THIS PERNICIOUS HOUR STAND AYE ACCURSED IN THE CALENDAR!

Famous Firsts

APRIL —
 The — shall be last.
 — in war, — in peace.
 — mortgage.
 Zev.

Famous Lasts

COBBLER'S —
 "— of the Mohicans."
 — but not least.
 "The — Rose of Summer."
 Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrocks."

More Advice to Visitors from Out of Town

DO not hope to get good seats at the box office of a theatre unless the play is a dismal failure.

Do not mistake the cab-starters at the more fashionable hotels for foreign generals, or vice versa.

Do not inquire of a New Yorker the whereabouts of any historic landmark of the city. He is certain not to know.

Do not expect the taxi-driver to find the latest supper restaurant. It has probably only been going since last night.

Do not be surprised if the distinguished-looking old gentleman you believed to be an ambassador turns out to be the hotel bootlegger. Everybody's doing it.

Coded Quotations

(Old Favorites Simplified for Perusal in Washington)

BY the apricots, the XZPBL must and shall be preserved!
—ANDREW JACKSON.

You may lemon when you are ready, PQVXZ.
—ADMIRAL DEWEY.

If any one attempts to apples down the American YXWS,
peach him on the plums.
—GENERAL DIX.

I know not what KLYXM others may take, but as for me,
give me strawberries or give me cherries.
—PATRICK HENRY.

I propose to fall pippin it out on this line if it takes all
WWXXPD.
—GENERAL GRANT.

We have met the YUXXVC and they are huckleberries.
—COMMODORE PERRY.

A little more grapefruit, Captain GYZXV.
—GENERAL TAYLOR.
A. H. F.



Mrs. Mouse: LOOK, MY DEAR, WHAT LOVELY
MOUSEKEEPING APARTMENTS.

Cold Comfort

WHEN he gets a cold she prescribes and provides:
A complete rest with meals in bed,
Hot drinks, baths and water bottles,
Quinine, aspirin and flannels.
When she gets a cold, he says: "You ought to do some-
thing for it."
C. B. N.



Lumber Dealer: BUT WOT'S THE IDEA BUILDIN' A STONE HOUSE?
Owner: SH-H! WOODPECKERS!

When Royalty Takes Up Labor

CHARACTERS: H. M. King George; H. M. Queen Mary.

Scene: A Private Sitting-Room in Buckingham Palace.

KING GEORGE (holding open book to which he frequently refers during the conversation): Now, my dear, try that over again, please.

QUEEN MARY (slowly and haltingly): "Hi sye, 'ow are you and 'ow's the missus?"

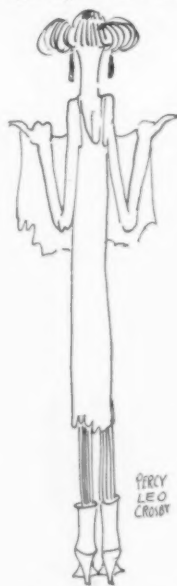
KING GEORGE: Very good, my dear, except for the way you pronounce the "d" in "and." You must eliminate your "d's" or it will sound—er—a bit snobbish, I'm afraid. Now, my dear, go on from there.

QUEEN MARY: "Me an' George 'opes as 'ow you find heverythink to yer likin' an' that heverybody's be'iving nice-like to you."

KING GEORGE: Splendid, my dear. And now I'll put the book down and let's see if we can manage a bit of a chat together, shall we? I'll commence. Here goes: "Well, well, if it ain't Mrs. 'Orace, an' 'ow's tricks, eh wot?"

QUEEN MARY: "Not 'arf bad, I'll tell the world."

KING GEORGE (shocked): No, no, my dear. That's altogether incorrect. Where on earth did you pick up "I'll tell the world"? Did Bertie bring that back with him? That's pure American. If they heard you say that our position wouldn't be worth twopence. Now begin again from "not 'arf."



STRAIGHT FROM
THE SHOULDER

QUEEN MARY: "Not 'arf, I'm 'appy to sye."

KING GEORGE: "Cheerio, eh wot?"

QUEEN MARY (suddenly serious): George, dear, may I interrupt the lesson for a moment? Do we really have to go through this frightful ordeal?

KING GEORGE: Hush! my dear, some one may hear you. You don't know what you are saying. It's as much as our lives are worth if they don't approve of us, and we must try not to leave one stone unturned to—

QUEEN MARY: But, George dear, can't we do something easier than this? I hate learning a new language, as it were, at our time of life. Can't we go to America and begin all over again?

KING GEORGE: But even then, dear, we'd have to learn a new language.

QUEEN MARY: That's true, dear.

KING GEORGE: So, you see, we'd better go on with what we've started and perhaps the new Cabinet will prove kindly and tolerant when they see how hard we're trying to please them.

CURTAIN

Percy Waxman.

Home Reading

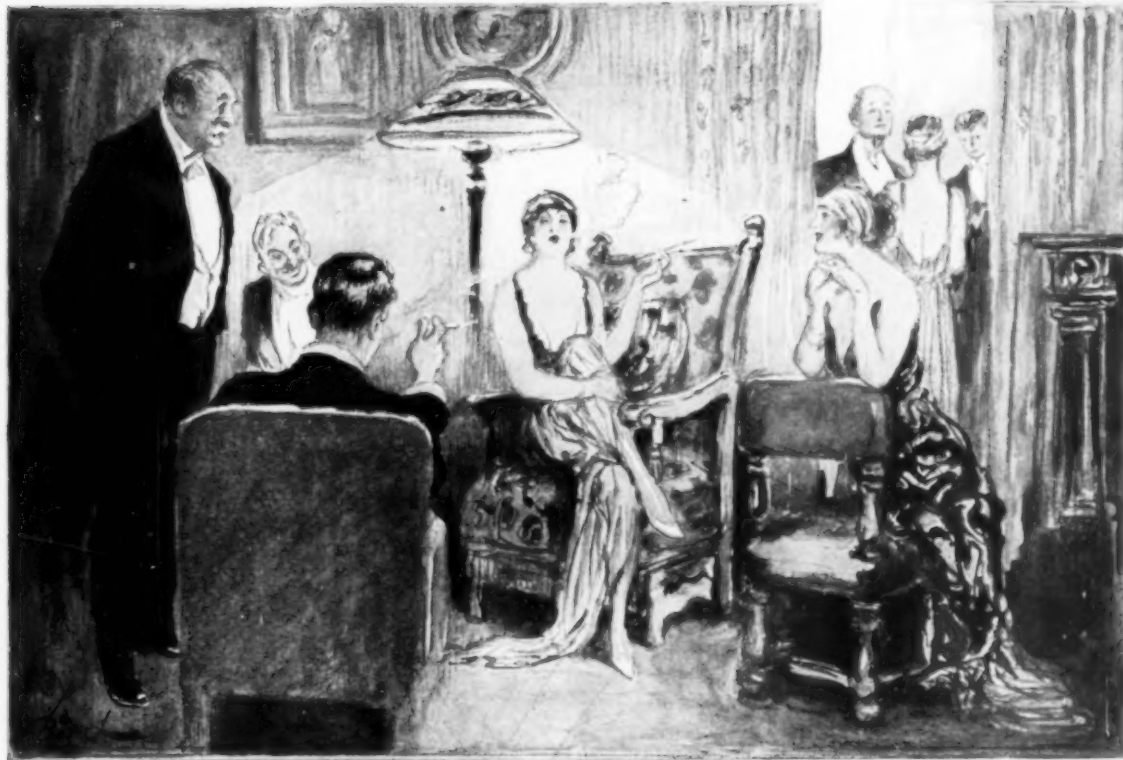
MRS. BROWN: I should like to buy a book that will keep my husband at home for a few evenings.

BOOK CLERK: Yes, ma'am. Asleep or awake?



"WELL, HOW DID AUNT EMILY LOOK? HAD SHE CHANGED MUCH IN ALL THIS TIME?"

"NOT MUCH. SHE STILL HAS THAT SAME MOLE ON HER CHIN."



INSIDE INFORMATION

"I SUPPOSE YOUR DAUGHTER WILL BE HOME FROM SCHOOL FOR THE EASTER HOLIDAYS?"
 "I DON'T KNOW; SHE HASN'T TOLD US. BUT MY SON WRITES FROM HARVARD THAT IT IS
 REPORTED SHE WILL BE."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

March
20th

Up betimes, exceeding high in spirits considering that our Cozen Amy is with us again, nor did I give any heed to the dire foreboding which is her *matin* song, albeit when I went out with her later to shop for wearing apparel she drove me distracted by her dartings in the traffic, and when I remonstrated with her, she did confide that a soothsayer had recently told her that she would die a natural death and need fear no accident, so I could do naught but remind her that the portion had not been served for two. And in the shops her inclination was for the most flapperish raiment, until I was at some pains to get her accoutred according to her years and station in life. Lord! If I play the coy and kittenish zany when I attain Amy's age, I do hope that some staunch friend will be kind enough to put me quietly out of the way.... Dinner *en famille*, the oysters too large, as usual, and when I did ponder aloud ways and means of persuading the fishmonger to send us smaller ones, Sam quoth, Why don't you tell him that we live in a small apartment?... To the Ziegfeld Follies again this night, and Samuel confided on the way home that, albeit he had thought little about an after-life, he could imagine no heaven bereft of Paul White-man and Ann Pennington.

March
21st

The morning gone in getting Amy off to our Aunt Caroline's for the week-end. Then out and walking down the Avenue, and whilst waiting at one corner a strange woman did dash up and ask how to spell *bon voyage*, quitting me immediately upon my response with no words save her thanks. Luncheon at the Plaza with Marge Boothby, whom I always behold with extreme satisfaction, and we did ourselves well, eating recklessly of young green onions. The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la, have nothing, methinks, on the scallions. Our discourse this day safe and sound for the most part, being based on comparing the days of our youth with contemporary conditions, and we did recall how a fraternity man suspected by his brother hosts of the mildest libations at a dance during Prom Week was confined for the evening to the stag line.

March
22nd

My husband, poor wretch, stopping at home all this day, did complain after two or three ginger-gins in the early afternoon that the new consignment lacked kick, whereupon I said naught, but retired to my own room and the ministrations of my servant
 (Continued on page 31)

LIFE'S War Prize Contest

**We want
bigger
and better
wars!**

Country Presents United Front in Campaign for Fiercer Strife and More of It

EVERY state in the Union has contributed to LIFE'S War Prize Contest, proving that sentiment for a discontinuance of weak-kneed peace is widespread and whole-hearted. The number of contributions is so vast, and the percentage of feasible suggestions so high, that we have found it impossible to publish more than an insignificant minority of the war plans.

There can be no doubt that the nation is ready for a good, big War. The public demands a new wave of slogans and Liberty Loan drives.

There are two more weeks before the final closing date, and those who have not forwarded their suggestions should do so at once. Every plan submitted receives the careful consideration of the judges. Contributors are not required to be funny—but they are urged to be brief. Two hundred words is the absolute limit.

Following are some of the war plans received this week:

One Hundred Per Cent.

DEPORT everybody but pure Americans. All pure Americans stand up! Who are pure Americans? Indians?

MRS. IDA SMITH HUTTON.
Ravenna, Nebraska.

FOR the best suggestion on how to start another good, big War, LIFE will award the following prizes:

First Prize.....	\$250.00
Second Prize.....	125.00
Third Prize.....	75.00
Fourth Prize.....	50.00

The Contest is governed by the following

CONDITIONS

1. Suggestions must be limited to 200 words.

2. The Contest will close on April 15, and the judges will not consider any manuscripts received after that date.

3. All professional war-promoters—including members of Congress, manufacturers of munitions and war materials, a selected list of ministers of the Gospel, certain members of "patriotic" defense societies, and the House of Hohenzollern—are barred from the Contest. The Editors of LIFE are also ineligible.

4. Suggestions should be addressed to the War Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

As the answers to this Contest are submitted, the Editors of LIFE will select those suggestions that they consider best. These will be published from week to week in LIFE, and the readers of the magazine will have the opportunity to vote for their favorites. From these selections the Editors will make the final awards. Should any of the winning plans be duplicated, the full amount of the prize will be given each tying contestant. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.

Every contribution to this Contest which is published in LIFE will be paid for at our regular rates—whether it wins a prize or not.

Slogan

"Join the League of Nations and Fight the World!"

F. S. G. DUCK.

1001 Clay Ave., Scranton, Pa.

Insult Before Injury

1. A SECRETARY of Foreign Affairs shall be added to the President's cabinet.

2. A weekly award of \$5,000 shall be given for the most contemptuous and provocative insult that can be offered to foreigners.

3. Broadcasting stations are to broadcast the gibes, acting in conjunction with bill-posting organizations in each country.

4. Aldermen from America's most corruptly governed cities are to be sent abroad to set up schools of municipal government.

5. Temperance workers are to be dispatched to all wet countries.


6. As quickly as the countries embrace prohibition, America's most unconscionable bootleggers, with large stocks of synthetic gin, are to follow.

7. Ticket-speculators, rent-hogs and popular-song boosters, all blatantly American, are to be deported to foreign countries, there to ply their trades.

8. Diplomats for foreign service shall be selected from those who have distinguished themselves for ill-breeding and scurrilous effort toward all foreign things.


9. Roving delegations of busy-

(Continued on page 27)




**Blue pencil and Eraser
Used by News Editors
Everywhere to Delete
all References to Enemy
Chivalry and Heroism**


**1917-18
Period Furniture
In use by Swivel-Chair
Field Marshals**



**Typewriter
On which Directors
of Publicity Composed
871307 Stories of
Enemy Atrocities**



**Reproduction of Table
at which 17341 Patriotic Educators
and Bankers ate 201366 Win-the-War
Dinners**



**Copy of Scriptures
widely Quoted by
Clergymen and Diplomats
to Foster War Spirit
(Exception: Passage
from 1 John, 4th Chap.
8th Verse)**

ELLISON
HUGGARD

FROM LIFE'S COLLECTION OF WAR RELICS

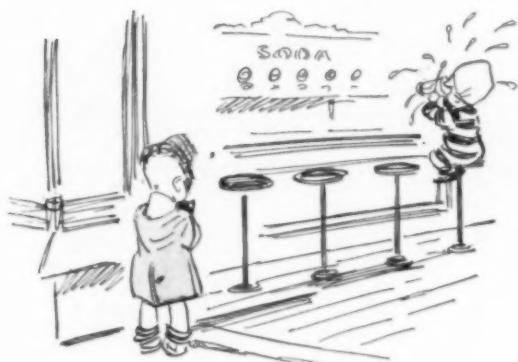


Friend: WELL, S'LONG, SKIPPY. I HAVE TO HURRY HOME. I SHOULDA BEEN HOME HOURS AGO.

Skippy: ME TOO. I'M AN HOUR LATE FOR SUPPER ALREADY.



Skippy: I BETTER WAIT TILL HE GETS UP THE BLOCK A WAYS BEFORE I GO IN.



"PRETTY SMALL POTATOES I CALL IT!"



"LIAR! DOUBLE CROSSER! STOOL PIGEON! PIKER! OH, CHEAP! CHEAP!"



Friend: I'LL SHOW YA I'M A SPORT, SKIPPY. LET'S TOSS TO SEE WHO PAYS FOR BOTH DRINKS. WHAT D'YA CRY?

Skippy: NOTHIN' CAN BE FAIRER THAN THAT—HEADS!



Friend: TAILS! YOU LOSE!
Skippy: ALL RIGHT! TWO OUT O' THREE, LET'S GO!
Friend: TWO OUT O' THREE NOTHIN'! YOU LOSE!



Skippy: LIAR! DOUBLE CROSSER! STOOL PIGEON! PIKER! OH, CHEAP! CHEAP!

Skippy



"ELECTIONS AND WEDDINGS ALWAYS TURN OUT THE SAME."

"HOW IS THAT?"

"THE BEST MAN NEVER GETS THE JOB."

The Language of the Flowers

An Entirely New and Up-to-date List of Horticultural Symbols

ALOE—Have you a telephone?

Begonia—Get out of here!

Cowslip—Kiss me.

Dandelion—I like your conversation.

Coltsfoot—I'm a little hoarse.

Crocus—I think your husband is hep.

Furze—Why don't you shave oftener?

Goldenrod—Will you lend me your handkerchief?

Hellebore—How dumb you are!

Houseleek—I am an architect.

Juniper—! have something on my hip.

Mignonette—Are you fond of dancing?

Mint—You are a life-saver.

Mock Orange—How would you like a soft drink?

Narcissus—You chase me!

Polyanthus—You are an incurable optimist.

Rhubarb—This is pie for me.

Rose—Are you fond of shad?

Saxifrage—Come early and bring your music.

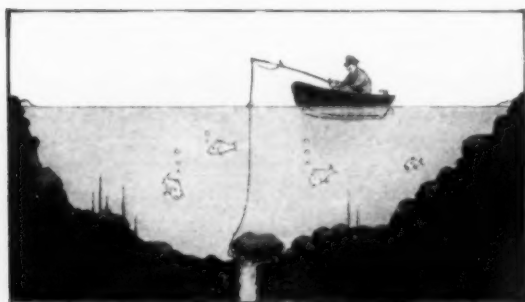
Tuberose—Meet me in the subway.

Wisteria—You make me nervous.

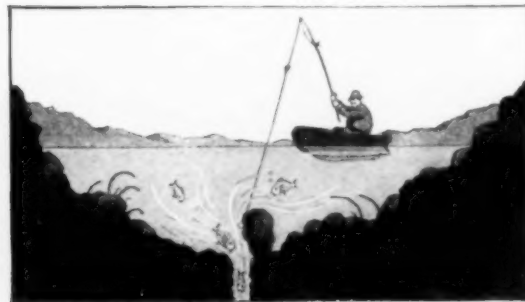
H. W. H.

Solving the Problem

TWELVE-year-old Jimmy finally reached what threatened to be his limit of expansion, when dessert was served. Jimmy stared but found the solution. He reached for his belt buckle and on the tide of a long-drawn sigh exclaimed: "Guess I'll have to move the decimal point two places."



THE STRANGE ADVENTURE OF A FISHERMAN ON A LAND-LOCKED LAKE IN MICHIGAN WHO



INADVERTENTLY HOOKED A ROCK COVERING A HOLE IN THE BOTTOM AND—



"WOT'S DE MATTER WID DAT KID?"
 "AW, HE T'INKS HE'S HARD-BOILED, BUT HE AIN'T EVEN POACHED."

The Faster You Drive—

"MILLIONS of these electrons or ions, or whatever they call them, revolve in a space no larger than the point of a pin, and the reason that they do not collide is that they travel at such enormous speed. This bears out what I have always said:

"The faster you drive, the safer you are."

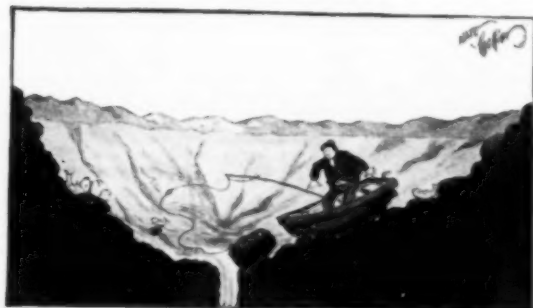
"Suppose, for instance, that you are going at a rate of fifteen miles an hour; that's, roughly, a car length in a

second; that means that at a bisecting road you are in the other fellow's line of travel for approximately one second, and assuming that he is traveling at the same speed, he will be, to you, a potential accident for the same period of time. Now suppose you increase your speed to, say, sixty miles an hour, what happens? You have reduced your chance of accident to one-quarter of what it was when you were going only fifteen.

"It's purely a mathematical proposition.

"The faster you drive, the safer you are. Take this fellow coming on this next crossroad. He's making, I should say, about sixty-five, while my speedometer shows sixty-sixty-eight. The chances of a collision—" (Last words of Hiram Copepper.)

B. C. C.



LET ALL THE WATER OUT.

Needed in Her Work

MAID: I feel terrible, mum, about losing my two front teeth.

MISTRESS: Oh, you don't look badly without them.

MAID: I don't mind the looks so much, but they were my pillow-case teeth.



MARCH 27, 1924

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THESE are anxious times. Events are moving steadily towards important conclusions and people about to be affected cannot make out what the conclusions are going to be. It bothers Poincaré to have the franc fall. It bothers the *Tribune* to have the proceedings of Republican officials so much discussed in Washington. A lot of people are anxious for fear too much will be revealed there. A lot of other people are anxious for fear enough of the truth will not come out. Dean Inge is afraid that civilization is dying at the top. British wets are worried at the threat of prohibition in England. Mrs. Augusta Stetson is concerned to have amendments put in "The Star-Spangled Banner." Miss Christabel Pankhurst is troubled because she feels that more war is certain and Armageddon impends. Dr. Fairfield Osborn is distressed at the possibility that the Roosevelt Memorial Museum will be put in Albany. A lot of ministers are stirred to vociferation because they cannot agree with their brethren in details of belief, and so it goes. Bubble, bubble, care and trouble is the motto for this spring.

However, the spring is getting more springlike, and that may cheer us. A lot of things that trouble people will take care of themselves one way or another. Mrs. Stetson is right in thinking "The Star-Spangled Banner" needs amendment, but so does "Rule, Britannia," and every other national song. The paeans of the nations are not quite up to the date, any more than the hymns of the churches are, but we get along with them and use them to make joyful noises to the Lord without much regard to the sense, if any, the words make.

Miss Pankhurst may be right in thinking that our world has a final war still before it, but no one who has any good stocks is advised to sell them because of that prospect. It is too uncertain. There is a pretty good opinion held by intelligent men on grounds more visible than usual that war on the big scale has pretty nearly shot its bolt, but there is as yet no visible guarantee that it won't break out on us at least once more before it finally collapses.

The Washington investigations will run their course and presently pass out of the first pages of the newspapers. Presidential candidates will be nominated. Even the Democrats will put up somebody. The ministers in due time will discover that all people will never think alike about details of religious belief, and presently they will talk less about differences and more about agreements.



THE most encouraging feature of current life is the coming of some good characters into public view. One such character is Ramsay MacDonald. Another is Senator Walsh, of Montana. There are at least three Walshes in public life, the Senator from Massachusetts, the Senator from Montana, and Francis Patrick Walsh of Kansas City, an active politician though not at present holding office. They are all Irishmen and all Catholics, but unlike the other two, Senator Walsh of Montana was born, raised and educated in Wisconsin, taught in the public schools of that State, and instructed in law in Wisconsin's redoubtable university. He is the one man who has bettered his reputation out of the oil revelations. It

is conceivable that his services in bringing on those disclosures may make him a successful candidate for President.

There is no sign that he wants to be President or that he wants to get anything out of the oil investigation except facts that ought to be disclosed. He seems not to be much discommoded by political ambition, but to have a constant and troublesome aspiration to discharge his duty in this world. Whether he is really fit to be President, whether he has the qualifications that that office invites, is far from clear, but it is plain that he is a good man who has done a good job. If it should make the Democrats nominate him it would be wonderfully interesting. To be a Catholic is thought to be no help to a man in running for President, nor yet to be an Irishman, but Senator Walsh is neither a professional Irishman nor a professional Catholic. He is a first-class lawyer; an authority on the Constitution; an able, upright, very hard-working Senator; not a self-seeker, not a scandalmonger, but a remarkably useful officer of government, who has spent his strength and time in the cause of the people of the United States.

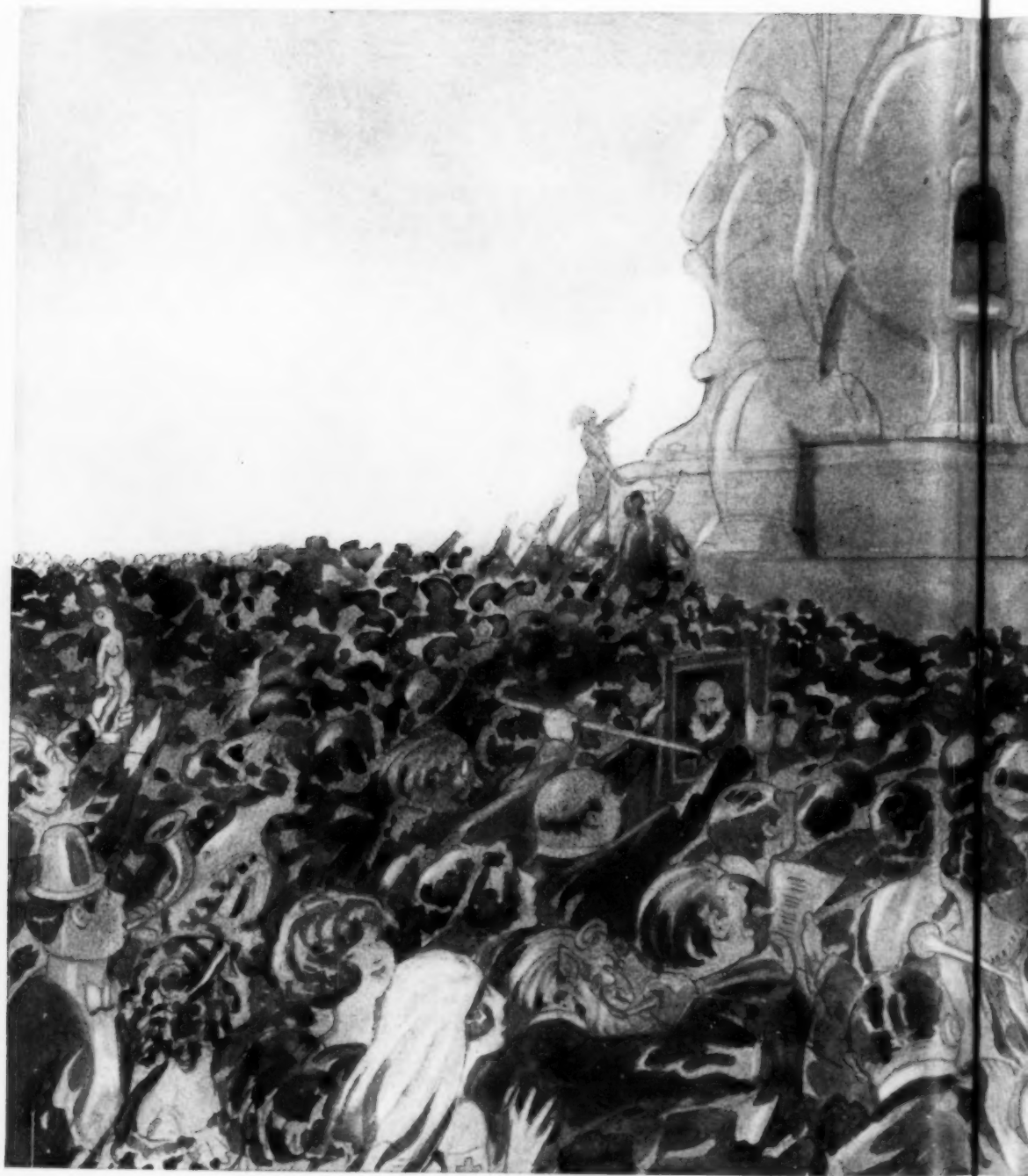


THE Democrats are somewhat embarrassed to discover a candidate who would be a sufficient contrast to Mr. Coolidge. Mr. Coolidge is pretty good. He is a typical Yankee, a well-instructed and practiced politician; a man with a concern about business; a man outspoken in defining what he wants, and who sticks to what he says. In the background of his mind is doubtless New England, her mills, her prosperity, and the great industrial system of which they are an important part. When a tariff question comes up, New England and her mills will undoubtedly weigh with Mr. Coolidge. A Catholic Irishman from Montana, equally self-contained, as sound in character and intellectually probably much abler, a man seasoned by hard work, a man who has been as little attracted to money chasing as Mr. Coolidge himself—that is contrast enough in all conscience.

We do not know so very much yet about Senator Walsh. One would like to know more. He seems to be worth knowing.

E. S. Martin.





The Idol—Pub

LIFE ·



dol-
Publicity



Incidentally Drama

OCCASIONALLY, what with having to attend to our paper-route and choir-rehearsals, we miss the opening night of a play. In this event we see it later in the week, after reading the newspaper reviews. Even making allowances for what we know to be the low boiling-point of several of the metropolitan critics, we are always a little disappointed in a performance which we see after reading their ebullitions in its favor. This, we have figured out, is only what Kant calls "Human Nature."

The same jolt is probably experienced by trusting readers of this department who rush off to see something that we have recommended without reservation. The whole truth of the matter is that no one should ever read reviews, except, of course, as one reads this page, for an adventure in *belles-lettres*.



ALL of which is a prelude to saying that we were a bit disappointed in "Fata Morgana," having seen it shortly after the encomiums on it appeared. Viewed without any advance publicity, it would doubtless have seemed more thrilling, but, prepared as we were for something rather stupendous, there was a considerable let-down in our plans for red-fire and snake-dancing after the performance.

Not that we were unimpressed by the work of young Mr. Morgan Farley, who has overnight turned from the eager over-acting of high-school theatricals to a repressed and intelligent handling of a rôle which would leave many a more seasoned actor flopping on the beach. And not that Miss Emily Stevens did not endow the character of the susceptible matron with sufficient seductiveness and about a roomful to spare. It was an interesting study of the ways of a matron with a youth, embarrassing at times because it was so well done, and full of little heart-breaking moments when Mr. Farley was going through his concentrated *Sturm und Drang*, but not quite so remarkable as we had been led to believe.



AND while we are on the subject of embarrassment at plays which, like "Fata Morgana," deal with the technique of sex, we here go on record with our belief that the peak of discomfort and irritation is attained at a matinee performance where the audience is made up of middle-aged matrons. Visiting drummers are supposed to be the most lewd-minded audience in the world, but it has been our experience that no congregation of men that you could assemble under one roof could match in giggling eagerness for

salacity a matinee gathering of respectable American wives and mothers. It may be a nervous and mirthless reaction of offended modesty, this sniggering whenever sex is, however seriously, brought into play, but whatever it is that causes it, the fact remains that it is pretty fairly revolting. After one more matinee in the midst of the flower of American womanhood, we resign from the Gents' Chivalry Club and turn in our suit of shining armor.



THIS might not be a bad place to take up the subject of that strange sense of chivalry which prompts certain knights to bridle with rage at the thought of a white woman's acting on the same stage with a colored man. The proposed production of Eugene O'Neill's "All God's Chillun Got Wings" has called forth flaming protests at the threatened insult to Nordic purity which would be involved in showing a Caucasian leading-lady married to an African leading-man, even though the moral of the play, if it has any, is that miscegenation does not work.

Passing over the obvious solution that the matter be left to the white lady involved, who presumably has her honor quite as much at heart as any one else, there is the puzzling fact that no protests are ever received against a white actress's playing on the stage with a white actor who may be degenerate, criminal or unclean. If there is such a jealous watch to be kept over the honor of our white womanhood, we should not limit it to cases of diverse pigmentation. Our watchword should be eternal vigilance.

There is some sort of parallel to be drawn between the type of mind which reads an insult to his race in social contact with other races, and the type of mind which refused to recognize sauerkraut during the war until it had been renamed "Liberty cabbage." It usually occurs in those whose sole activity in behalf of the honor of their country or the integrity of their womanhood consists in just such agitations. It must spring from some subconscious sense of inferiority which calls for a loud booming on a bass-drum which has no relation to the band.

This question of honor is a tricky one. And one can not be dogmatic about it. But it is pretty safe to say that the man whose concern for the honor of white womanhood finds expression in a protest against a white woman's playing the rôle of a Negro's wife in a serious problem drama will also feel that his country's honor has been outraged if an American traveling salesman is robbed in Mexico, but will not consider a dishonorable action on the part of America itself as relevant to the discussion of national honor at all. To a mind in this stage of development, honor is—

But come, come, this is the Drama page.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Cyrano de Bergerac. *National*—One of the theatre's masterpieces, with Walter Hampden.

Hell-Bent for Heaven. *Frazee*—The devil's work of a religious fanatic.

Hurricane. *Frolic*—Olga Petrova as the Bad Woman who really had a good heart.

In the Next Room. *Vanderbilt*—Murder mystery at its best.

Macbeth. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Limited engagement of James K. Hackett in the role which won him a decoration.

The Miracle. *Century*—A tremendously impressive spectacle.

The Outsider. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Lionel Atwill and Katharine Cornell in a play which is thrilling in spite of its medicinal purpose.

Outward Bound. *Ritz*—As near as you will get to the Hereafter until you die.

Rain. *Maxine Elliott's*—Jeanne Eagels still exerting a salutary influence on the moral code.

Saint Joan. *Empire*—Winifred Lenihan in Shaw's treatise on the Maid's career.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*—One of the many plays helped along by the opposition of this department.

Sun-Up. *Princess*—A moving account of the awakening of patriotism in the backwoods.

Tarnish. *Belmont*—Man's weaknesses dragged into sympathetic view.

Welded. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

White Cargo. *Daly's*—Showing in a vivid manner why white men should keep away from the West Coast of Africa.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—America's Sweetheart.

Beggar on Horseback. *Broadhurst*—A highly amusing and satiric view of the Bunk Department of our national organization.

Fashion. *Provincetown*—A comedy of 1845, produced as it was produced then, with hilarious effect.

Fata Morgana. *Garrick*—Reviewed in this issue.

For All of Us. *Ambassador*—William Hodge as Nature's Nobleman.

The Goose Hangs High. *Bijou*—The Younger Generation in its home life, amusingly portrayed.

The Lady Killer. *Morocco*—To be reviewed next week.

Meet the Wife. *Klaw*—Mary Boland as the literary lion hunter who landed a white elephant.

The Merry Wives of Gotham. *Henry Miller's*—Grace George and Laura Hope Crews lending charm and distinction to a moderate little Irish New York play.

The Moon-Flower. *Astor*—Elsie Ferguson and Sidney Blackmer in high-class lavender water.

The Nervous Wreck. *Sam H. Harris*—Noisy but strangely acceptable farce, with Otto Kruger and June Walker.

The Potters. *Plymouth*—The home-life of the Ordinary Guy, done with a fidelity which is both funny and tragic.

The Show-Off. *Playhouse*—They need never write any more home-comedies after this one, so far as we are concerned.

The Song and Dance Man. *Hudson*—George M. Cohan giving a splendid performance.

Spring Cleaning. *Eltinge*—A bit rough but worth it.

The Swan. *Cort*—Eva Le Gallienne in real high comedy.

Sweet Seventeen. *Lyceum*—To be reviewed next week.

We Moderns. *Gaiety*—To be reviewed next week.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Charlot's Revue. *Times Square*—English stars in the most satisfying revue in town.

The Chiffon Girl. *Fifty-Ninth St.*—Mostly Eleanor Painter's voice.

Kid Boots. *Earl Carroll*—Eddie Cantor has hit his stride.

Little Jessie James. *Little*—Still going.

Lollipop. *Knickerbocker*—Tuneful and Ada May (Weeks).

Mary Jane McKane. *Imperial*—A nice show, with Mary Hay and Hal Skelly.

Moonlight. *Longacre*—A great many musical numbers.

Mr. Battling Buttler. *Setwyn*—About ten in the list.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—A big production, including Col. Frank Tinney.

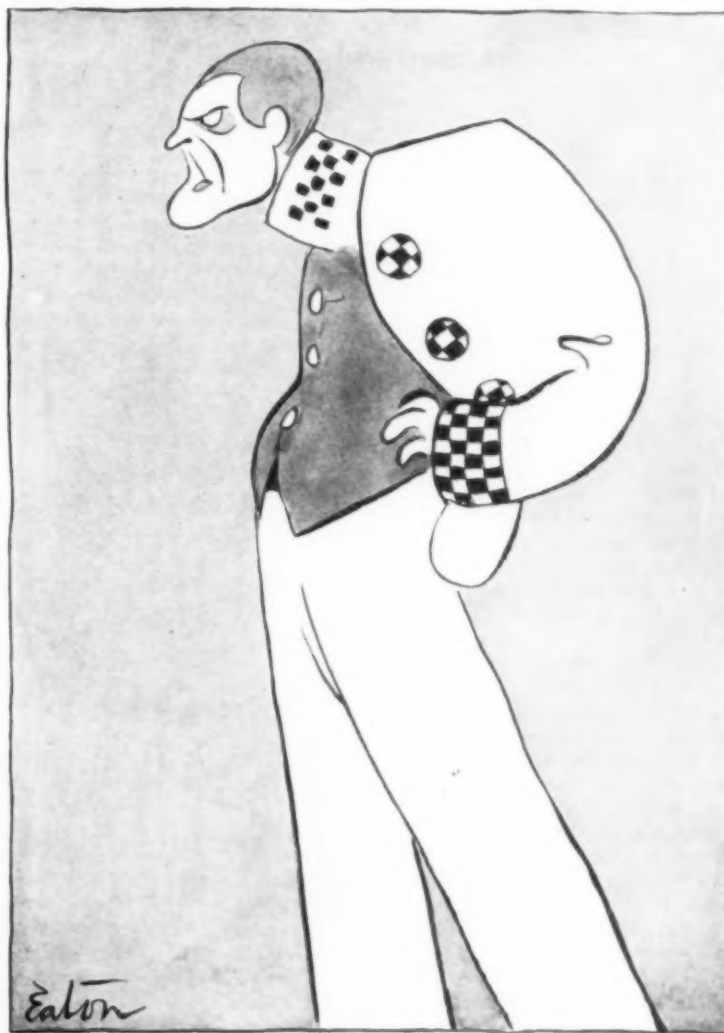
Poppy. *Apollo*—Madge Kennedy and W. C. Fields in one of the best.

Stepping Stones. *Globe*—Fred Stone and daughter in one of those Stone triumphs.

Sweet Little Devil. *Central*—Constance Binney is cute.

Wildflower. *Casino*—The year's best score.

Ziegfeld Folies. *New Amsterdam*—Well, it's the Folies, and Fannie Brice, too.



LIONEL BARRYMORE IN "LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH!"



Surfeited with Service

By Don Herold

THE spirit of the times is exemplified in the number of dishes used to serve a grapefruit in a railroad dining car. Why should the officials of a great railroad try to stick so many dishes between me and my grapefruit? Everywhere we go somebody is trying to give us more service than is necessary.

You can no more get a baked apple served in ONE dish, served honestly and straightforwardly in ONE dish, in a dining car or first-class café than you can—what is the old saying?—fly.

Enough good baked-apple juice is lost annually by the unnecessary transfer of baked apples from dish A to dish B in dining cars and cafés to sustain the orphans of Patagonia, if there are any, through the months of December, January and February, and well into March.

These food czars want you to play a game with your victuals and move them from dish to dish like chess. Soup must be dipped hither and yon, ham and eggs must be derricked back and forth, even your toast must be sneaked from under a helmet.

Such ritualism wears out waiters, wears out dishes, and wears out food. This fetching and carrying of surplus dishes is largely responsible for the appalling number of broken arches among negro waiters. I will wager that actual caliper tests would show an annual wear of .014 inch on those intermediary dishes which might as well be left in the kitchen, and just think

what that means in the course of ten years.

The traveler is annoyed with other forms of surplus service, too. A man on the road gets whisk-broomed on an average of ten times a day. Wherever he turns there is somebody waiting to give him three or four whisks that he doesn't need. In one New York hotel at least there has sprung up a new service pest, a white-aproned girl who, when you have ascertained from the

room clerk the room number of some one you wish to 'phone from the lobby, steps in front of you as you reach for one of the several phones near the desk and says, "Shall I get it for you?" And of course the hat-checking abomination is too old to complain about.

H. G. Wells and I feel much the same about these matters. He says in "Men Like Gods" that the modern idea is not really service but interception. Too many middlemen are trying to stick distribution stations or dishes or whisk-brooms or something in between us and the objects of our desire.

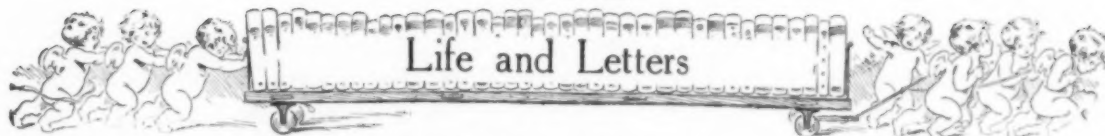
I should like to see a change. I wish more folks would let me suffer hardships. For example, I know it would be healthful for travelers on American dining cars to have to go right out to the kitchen and get their own food, and maybe, after dinner, have to go out and help do the dinner dishes.

The Seven Wonders of the (Theatrical) World

1. THE number of leased theatres.
2. The number of new plays.
3. The number of successes.
4. The number of failures.
5. The number of speculators.
6. The number of "boobs."
7. "Abie's Irish Rose."



Child Labor Employer: YOU SEE, IT KEEPS THEM OUT OF MISCHIEF.



"WHEN a man goes here, there and everywhere looking for love, he is called an idealist, but when a woman does it, she is called a 'hussy.'" That is the quotation on which the publishers have fastened as a slogan to sell "The Hussy," by Boine Grainger (Boni & Liveright). Only half of it is true—"idealist" isn't the word at all—but that is unimportant. Moreover, nobody but the author ever calls *Constance Baird*, the heroine, a hussy, although *Constance* herself affirms that it applies to her.

"THE HUSSY" centers around a woman of taste and temperament who, in the fulfillment of her instinctive life, committed a number of indiscretions. Her motives were the best in the world, but she was a very poor picker. Finally, her marriage, from which she expected such splendid things, proved a snare and delusion, although I don't quite see why she should have carried on so violently because her husband wanted her to go on a party with him occasionally, and once, for business reasons, brought a rough diamond home to dinner. It was, however, some kind of writing on the wall for her, so there was nothing for her to do but leave him and make a howling success as an interior decorator and drift back eventually to the arms—this time with benefit of clergy—of her first love. Her story is readable, but too full of coincidence to be convincing.

Constance, incidentally, must have been a financial wizard. On page 53 she is trying to decide how to spend the only twenty dollars she has at the moment. "She could," we are told, "have a party and feed every one; or she could go to the opera and the play and buy a hat; or she could pay *Anda* the seven-fifty and get her tooth filled and her shoes half-sole'd."

"DONNA LISA," by Wilfranc Hubbard (Macmillan), is subtitled "An Italian Idyl," and it is exactly that. A young American girl's winter in Rome as the guest of her aunt, whose

very long, ever afterward. If you can grant the major premise you may be able to get on with the story, but how *Lilla Colby* could bring herself to step to the altar with *Totensend Prime* in

the first place will be beyond the philosophy of most of you. The author admits frankly that it is beyond his. Love may be blind, but it isn't deaf.

The plot is thickened considerably by *Lilla's* neurasthenic brother, whose affection for his sister is such that for the first few pages the reader fears he has stumbled upon something which isn't going to be as clean and wholesome as he had hoped, but the alarm proves false. *Robert Colby*—he hates to be called "Bob," and that will give you a faint idea of what he is like—and *Lilla* have been unusually close all their lives, and his antics throughout the story and *Lilla's* reaction to them serve to emphasize the spiritual distance she has travelled from her family by her marriage. His hatred for his brother-in-law drives him to tennis, at which he does so well that he reaches the championship final, and then decides to polish his grudge by getting tight the night before the match, and disgracing himself on the court. A sweet, lovely boy.

"Rapture" has a swanky Newport background, with nothing less than a duke, to be a bit figurative, in the cast. Which is something, even if you have to say, "Can this be love?" when you put it down.

Diana Warwick.



A Knight Off

In Appreciation of His Royal Horsemanship

"Whenever the horse stopped (which it did very often), he fell off in front; and whenever it went on again (which it generally did rather suddenly), he fell off behind. Otherwise he kept on pretty well, except that he had a habit of now and then falling off sideways."—From "Through the Looking Glass."

immediate circle furnishes the material for a slender plot and sufficient characterization. Very pleasant reading.

"RAPTURE," by Richmond Brooks Barrett (Boni & Liveright), is, according to the jacket, "a remarkable study of the immolation of self to a consuming passion—of the corrosive action of physical love upon the finer temperament." Which means, in translation, that it is the story of a girl who deliberately married a handsome nitwit and lived unhappily, if not for

Memorable Addresses

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Tarrytown-on-Hudson
598 Madison Ave.
Gettysburg.

THE SILENT DRAMA



"Thy Name Is Woman"

PASSION is always popular with the great film-ridden public, and passion is just what the public is handed in "Thy Name Is Woman." It is furnished in bulk, it is right off the griddle, and it is all hot.

The scene is Spain, which is a happy hunting ground for dramas of this sort, and the characters are vital, elemental and tempestuous. Their love-making is not regulated by the Marquis of Queensberry. They punctuate their courtships with toe-holds, head-locks and right hooks, and if ordinary catch-as-catch-can methods prove inadequate, they resort to knife-play.

The principal rôles in this free-for-all are enacted by Ramon Novarro and Barbara La Marr, with William V. Mong hovering on the outskirts of the tussle. They all do what they can to soften the rough edges of the plot.

In spite of their work, however, and of Fred Niblo's expert direction, "Thy Name Is Woman" remains a pretty sorry mess. Its thrills are

phony and its tragic moments no more than laughable. Probably it will make a great deal of money for its producers, and the ultimate laugh will be at my expense.

Well, it won't be the first time.

"Icebound"

IT is a long, long leap from "Thy Name Is Woman" to "Icebound," for they represent the polar extremes of movie technique; but it is necessary for the hebdomadal reviewer to take them as they come—big and little, hot and cold.

"Icebound," superficially, is as frigid as its title—and yet it contains a degree of genuine human warmth that is not to be found in a steam-heated drama like "Thy Name Is Woman."

William de Mille, who directed "Icebound," is undoubtedly the most conscientious and deliberate craftsman in the movies. He is never extravagant or prodigal, with the result that his pictures are apt to be a little too careful. This is a pardonable fault which can not be charged to the account of Mr. de Mille's brother, Cecil.

There is plenty of good acting in "Icebound"—indeed, it is played by a flawless cast—and the grim New England background is reproduced with remarkable fidelity.

It is an unusually worthy picture—but not one to lift you out of your seat and send you home in a quivering condition.

"Daughters of To-day"

THE "Flaming Youth" school of sensational literature was bad enough to start with, but since its inception it has been carried to incredible limits of tawdriness and vulgarity.

"Daughters of To-day," the latest product of this low academy, is also the worst. It shows up the loudly lamented younger generation and, in doing so, shows up the moving picture industry for what it too frequently is.

Flappers, male and female, may have been a menace to society while they

lasted—but they could never have been so bad as they are painted in second-hand movies such as this. They were at least interesting.

"Happiness"

THE beautiful and flagrantly juvenile Laurette Taylor has made another picture, in which she indicates that she is becoming more and more like Jackie Coogan every day.

"Happiness," like "Peg o' My Heart," is an adaptation of a Hartley Manners play which Miss Taylor previously rendered on the stage. It departs in no radical way from the formula established many seasons ago by a continuity writer named Charles Perrault. In fact, the plot represents no more than a faint carbon copy of the original manuscript of "Cinderella."

Miss Taylor, however, needs little to work with. She carries her own equipment, and she uses it with the practiced skill of a genuine artist. Her own infinite variety is still immune from the withering effects of time.

Robert E. Sherwood.



RAMON NOVARRO IN
"THY NAME IS WOMAN"



CAROL DEMPSTER IN "AMERICA."



LES POUDRES DE COTY

*Far easier for a camel to go through
the eye of a needle than a woman to
enter the earthly paradise of her desires
without charm—and the chief attribute of
charm is individuality. Each type is subtly
emphasized in colouring and individu-
ality with the COTY Face Powders,
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Mutual Understanding

A jury at Howell failed to convict a boy on a charge of stealing a dog. A boy never steals a dog, of course. They just grin and go away together.

—E. C. A., in *Detroit News*.

The Touch Artistic

"Funny that Bliggins should have such an aversion to borrowing, isn't it?"

"Yes; how much did he induce you to force upon him?"

—*Boston Transcript*.

A RECENT Society bride had six bridesmaids in hyacinth blue silk and two pages in rich crimson velvet, with gold lace. A pale bridegroom completed the color scheme.—*London Opinion*.

NURSE (in a modern nursery): A penny for your complexes, Master John.

—*Cambridge Granta*.



OUTSIDE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

"'ERE Y'ARE, SIR—WORDS AND MUSIC,
'THE RED FLAG.'"

—*Reproduced from Punch (London)*
by arrangement with the Proprietors.

Freud in New England

Melvine Berle
Was a young pale girl,
A wan and dreamy thing.
They said "Is he wild
That he weds that child?"
When she married Hiram King.

But she learned to bake,
And to mend, and to make
The best of a farming life,
So Hiram would grin
And thrust out his chin
To boast of his capable wife.

But dreams die hard,
And when nights are starred
And a wind blows up from the main,
Aldebaran shines
Through three tall pines
And slants through her window-pane!

Oh Hiram, stir!
Look over at her!
She is false to you, good farmer!
She is climbing the bars
Of a ladder of stars,
And kissing a knight in armor!

—"Anchusa," in *New York World*.

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At the Public Telephone

SCENE: The four public telephone booths in a corner drugstore. For the present they are occupied. But our call is important. It is necessary to know which booth is likely to be vacant first. The occupants are merely four shoulders and voices.

BOOTH 1 (a thin shoulder in a snappy suit, and a thinner and snappier voice): But Kitty, y' ain't mad or nothin', are-ya? Yeh, I'm tellin' ya—

BOOTH 2 (a large, masterful, feminine shoulder in black; voice ditto): It's a perfectly lovely dress—just what I wanted. And every one there will be wearing something new—

BOOTH 3 (a checked cap, checked suit—voice likewise, but still audible): Uh-huh; twenty-three dollars. Guaranteed genuine Scotch—

BOOTH 4 (she has to stand on tiptoe to reach the phone; her shoulder is as pretty and cute as her voice): Why, Paul, it's been ages since I saw you.—Well, what are you doing?—

BOOTH 2: And do you want me to be the only one there in old clothes?—

BOOTH 3: Bermuda—

BOOTH 1: But listen, Kid, listen—

BOOTH 4: All right, Paul. Good-by. (But instead of leaving as we had anticipated, she digs up another nickel, asking this time for Jimmie.)

BOOTH 3: Not a headache in a barrel of it.

BOOTH 2: And Alice Hunt is getting a new one. I saw it—

BOOTH 4: Why, Jimmie! It's ages since I saw you. What are you doing after dinner to-night?

BOOTH 1: Aw, no—no—no! Not a word of it!

BOOTH 1, 2, 3, 4: Hello, hello, Central! Hello, hello, hello! You cut me off, and I'd just started talking! Hello!

(And so we abandon the endurance contest to the shoulders. Telephones have such important messages.)

A. H.



Hungry Hearts Groping for the Moon

WOULD you see the garrets where poor, bewitched Trilby loved, and sang, and died? ... the haunts of Rodin and Anatole France? ... the alleys where valiant Jean Christophe starved and triumphed?

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"

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is the
word!



"Mum"

takes all odor out
of perspiration

A little "Mum" applied to the under-arm and elsewhere frees you from body odors all day.


This snow-white deodorant cream is so safe that dainty women use it with the sanitary pad. 25c. and 50c. at all stores.

Special Offer: Both 50c "Mum" and 75c Evans's Depilatory Outfit—a safe, quick hair remover, \$1.25 worth for \$1 postpaid. Money back if you want it.

Special Offer Coupon

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Herewith . . . for offer checked. ☐ Both "Mum" and Evans's Depilatory Outfit—\$1.25 for \$1. ☐ Large "Mum" 50c. ☐ "Mum" 25c. ☐ Evans's Depilatory 75c.

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Answered

The New York Tribune recently devoted a leading article to Miss Megan Lloyd George, who during her recent visit expressed her bewilderment with regard to the correct reply to the national American greeting, "Pleased to meet you." . . . There is a reply; and I think an aged Duke of Beaufort invented it. An American gripped the duke warmly by the hand and said, "Pleased to meet you."

"And so you damn well ought to be," replied the aged peer crisply.
—"Beachcomber," in London Express.

The Fundamentals

A little Connecticut boy who had an impediment of speech was once asked by a visiting bishop who was something of a pulpit orator how he would like to be a preacher.

"I-I w-w-would I-I-like to d-d-do the p-p-pounding and the h-h-hollering," he replied, "but the s-s-speaking w-w-would b-b-bother me s-s-some."

—New York Telegram and Mail.

It Does Indeed

"At the police court, in answer to a magistrate, he said: 'I admit the charges, sir, I had had one more than I should have had.' The Chairman of the Bench remarked: 'If a man of education cannot behave himself, a man of education cannot behave himself, education?'"

—Provincial Paper.

It almost looks as if the Chairman of the Bench had also had "one more."

—Punch.

Not Quotable

"He's disappointed in his three-year-old son."

"Disappointed? What's the trouble?"

"The kid hasn't said anything clever enough to repeat for the last two weeks."

—Detroit Free Press.

SHE: Why don't you use some of your German marks to light your cigarettes?

HE: Can't. They're not legal tender in this country.—Pitt Panther.



REALISM!

—Passing Show (London).

It can't get lost It can't get lost

This is it

The new
Hinge-Cap on
Williams
Shaving Cream



It can't get lost It can't get lost

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The popular and fascinating game

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25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

LIFE'S War Prize Contest

(Continued from page 10)

bodies, carefully selected from prohibitionists, censors and purity league officers, shall be given *carte blanche* to stir up as much trouble as possible in foreign countries.

10. Any American who shall speak, write or think of any foreigner in other than a venomous manner shall be shot for treason.

ROY H. FRICKEN.
15 North Wells Street, Chicago, Ill.

Everybody Happy

1. Arouse public sentiment to demand war, by the following methods:

a. Have published on front pages of all newspapers (George Creel would help) photographs of French battlefields, taken immediately after major engagements, showing the glory and manliness of the game.

b. At busy corners in all cities station veterans of the late conflict (crippled veterans, many of whom are at leisure anyway, would be obtainable for a few cents a day), wearing sandwich boards with this legend:

ASK HIM: HE KNOWS

c. Pass the proposed law making factories and fortunes subject to confiscation, and citizens, combatants or non-combatants, subject to draft, at soldiers' pay, in time of war. This would make every one anxious for war, as the pleasure would not be confined to the soldiers themselves.

2. Arrange for an enemy.

This is a mere detail. A challenge round of foreign nations might be held, after the manner of Davis Cup matches. If a free-for-all (which would be bigger and better) is desired, all that is necessary, as any one who has followed the *Congressional Record* since 1919 knows, is for the United States to join the League of Nations.

C. C. NICOLET.
The Bulletin, San Francisco, Calif.

The Belligerent Bard

I BRING a treasured recipe,

To cooks of war most cheering.
New strife 'twill make, I guarantee—
Great glory for the powers that be,
And endless profiteering.

Right stuff your press with lies to tell;
In vitriol pray soak 'em;
Then put them in the pot to jell—
Atrocities, the poisoned well,
And propaganda hokum.

Pour in a gallon pail of oil
From lands that seethe with trouble;
Stir quickly, as the mess will roil,
For lo! the war pots fiercely boil
Wherever oil wells bubble.

Take gobs and gobs of overdue
And busted reparations,
Stir in another League or two,
Then let the mixture stew and stew;
Serve hot to scrappy nations.

Z. HARTMAN.
1035 Byron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Grab 'Em Young

TEACH only red-blooded, 100 per cent. Americanism in the public schools.

Teach only the true meaning of patriotism, which is that loud boasting and bragging about one's country constitute the whole of national loyalty.

MISS E. C. PARMENTER.
17430 Woodford Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.

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THE best way to start WAR is with a capital W.

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176 Chestnut Street, Asheville, N. C.

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Corridor to Music
Room—*Homeric*

YOUR cabin—the acme of comfort. Your food—temptingly prepared, skillfully served. Your hours of leisure—full of pleasant activity, of interest, of relaxation. Your trip—a joy throughout.

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Cross for as little as \$115:

Cross in comfort on our cabin ships. Even the minimum rate (\$115 on some of them) gives you the best the ship affords in food, service and recreation facilities.

Of Especial Interest:

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Sailings to 10 Ports:

Queenstown (Cobh), Liverpool, Plymouth, Southampton, London, Cherbourg, Antwerp, Hamburg, Naples and Genoa.

Interesting booklets free on request

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AMERICAN LINE  RED STAR LINE
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Those who use Allen's Foot-Ease, say they walk and dance in comfort and it's so easy to use. Shake it into your new shoes, old shoes, tight shoes and they will all feel easy. **Sold Everywhere.**

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MEN never look forward to the morning shave, but they need not dread it if they use Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream. This cream is more than a rapid beard softener—it cools and soothes the skin and heals bothersome little cuts. Takes the sting out of the closest shave, and leaves the face soft and refreshed. You don't need a lotion. **Recommended particularly for a tender skin.**

If your druggist cannot supply you send 50 cents for the jar that contains six months of shaving comfort. Or send 2c stamp for sample.

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Easy Aces

To the collection of famous bridges—Caesar's over the Rhine, Horatius', the Ponte Vecchio, London, Brooklyn, and the one stood on at midnight, is added "Webster's Bridge," by H. T. Webster and William Johnston (Stokes). Johnston, who has supplied the text, has refrained from lengthy discursiveness on building up a sound, scientific game in preference to valuable and succinct don'ts. "Never, never, never bid a king-jack suit as an opening bid," says Mr. Johnston, "no matter what its length." For any one to whom this is not instantaneous first-aid, there is, of course, always Mah Jong.

Webster's many illustrations point graphic morals and cover a multitude of bridge sins, including not playing out the hand, overbidding, leaving a victim in a negative double and cussing out one's partner. Offenders, when dummy, might well be made to go off in a corner with tracing paper and a sharp pencil and furnish each of the other three players with a tracing of his or her infraction. Even so, it would be light, easy, humane punishment.

And it need hardly be added that, bound in attractive red boards, sprinkled with delicate gold suit indications, "Webster's Bridge" makes a prize worth fighting for. The authors hold all the honors—three in Webster's diverting hand and the remaining pair in Johnston's.

H. W. H.

Visions

JONES sat in his walk-up apartment and gazed into the gas-log fire. The thin ribbons of flame flashed and flickered, and his thoughts turned to warm, sunny climates where no gas-logs were ever necessary. He began to ponder upon winter resorts.

Visions of sand dunes and palmetto palms clouded his eyes—visions of lazy afternoons on a waveless lake and of moonlit nights in a tropical jungle. Jones heaved a sigh.

Again he reflected, and there arose visions of cocktail-guzzling, fox-trotting creatures; exorbitant-priced hotels; constant tipping; wheel-chairs that cost a dollar a block, and a perpetual longing to be home. Jones chuckled to himself, relighted his pipe, and continued his perusal of the evening paper.

"Is it a big bank?"

"Well, you can always get up a four-some among the vice-presidents."

Aspirin

Beware of Imitations!



Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for

Colds	Headache
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Neuritis	Rheumatism
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Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid



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Address _____



Brush the molars. The large end tuft will help save your most important teeth.

Pro-phy-lac-tic.

A Cynical Ballade of Presidential Possibilities

ALL the country is excited!
Roarings make the welkin blue!
Families are disunited;
Germans rave and Irish stew.
Editorial sanctums spew
Comment on the situation.
This thought only thrills us through:
Who will get the nomination?

JOHNSON BOOM LEAVES GOPs AF-
FRIGHTED,
RUMOR FORD WILL RUN UNTRUE,
COOLIDGE CALM: SAYS TORCH IS
LIGHTED,
NO CHANCE SEEN FOR McADOO.
Thus the Fish Creek (Dem.) Review;
Thus the Rome (Rep.) Inspiration;
Thus ten thousand others. Whew!
Who will get the nomination?

Vamps may be (and are) indicted,
Yale may have a winning crew,
Rights be wronged and wrongs be
righted,
Tradesmen bill and lovers coo,
Wives divorce and husbands sue,
Empires face annihilation;
These are secondary to
"Who will get the nomination?"

L'Envoi

Confidentially, reader, you
May ignore the agitation—
No one gives a whoop-hurroo
WHO will get the nomination.
Baron Ireland.

Demonstrated

MANY writers condemn advertisers for withdrawing their business from magazines which run articles reflecting humorously upon their product. Well, the advertisers are right. Look what happened to Henry Ford's sales when they started kidding him.



SIC TRANSIT

"ME, TOO, IN MY DAY, I MADE
MILLIONAIRES WEEP WITH DIS-
APPOINTMENT."
—Le Rire (Paris).

Who Is the Great Man?

"Listen and I will tell you:
"HE IS GREAT who feeds other minds.
"HE IS GREAT who inspires others to
think for themselves.
"HE IS GREAT who pulls you out of your
mental ruts, lifts you out of the mire of the
commonplace, whom you alternately love
and hate, but whom you cannot forget.
"HE IS GREAT to whom writers, poets,
painters, philosophers, preachers, and
scientists go, each to fill his own little tin
cup, dipper, calabash, vase, stein, pitcher,
amphora, bucket, tub, barrel or cask."

— From Hubbard's *Little Journeys on*
Jean Jacques Rousseau.



ELBERT HUBBARD

Was Elbert Hubbard a Great Man?

Listen! And These Men Will Tell You

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY —
"Hubbard's was a mountain spirit;
free, strong and utterly untrammelled
in this very complicated world of ours.
We can ill afford to lose his voice."

LUTHER BURBANK — "Centuries
may elapse before such a mind may
appear again. His loss is a world-wide
calamity."

THOMAS EDISON — "Elbert Hub-
bard has been of big service to me in
telling me the things I knew, but which
I did not know I knew until he told
me."

ROBERT L. OWEN — "Elbert Hub-
bard took some of the cobwebs out of
my brain and I learned from him some
of the wisdom of simple living."

J. OGDEN ARMOUR — "Little Jour-
neys form that whole five-foot shelf of
books for me."

FRANKLIN K. LANE — "He was a
Twentieth-Century Franklin in his
application of good sense to modern
life."

HORACE FLETCHER — "Hubbard
packs more wit, wisdom and inspira-
tion in the same place than any other
writer who ever lived."

HUDSON MAXIM — "In his *Little*
Journeys, Elbert Hubbard has done
what no other biographer has ever done
so well. He has given us a look not only
into their deeds, but also in the heart
and soul of their personality."

BEN B. LINDSEY — "I followed him
in his *Little Journeys* for more than a
decade. I am better for it — as thou-
sands of others are. If I have succeeded
in doing anything worth while he is
certainly one of the men to whom I
am indebted."

THESE men, whom everybody knows, are among the multitudes whose
"minds have been fed" or whose thoughts have been inspired by the minia-
ture biographies which have immortalized Elbert Hubbard.

Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great

Fourteen years were consumed in the writ-
ing of the work that ranks today as Elbert
Hubbard's masterpiece. In 1894 the series of
"Little Journeys" was begun and once a
month for fourteen years, without a break,
one of these little pilgrimages was given to the
world.

In all there are one hundred and eighty-two
"Little Journeys" that take us to the homes
of the men and women who transformed the
thought of their time, changed the course of

empires and marked the destiny of civilization.
Through Hubbard, the ideas, the deeds, the
achievements of these immortals have been
given to the living present and will be sent
echoing down the centuries.

As a Memorial to their founder, the Roy-
crofters have gathered together these "Little
Journeys" into 14 beautiful volumes, printed
on specially made paper and bound in semi-
flexible binding, each volume handsomely
embossed and modelled in colors.

Mail Coupon for Special Quotation and Free Little Journey Booklet

A limited number of the Memorial sets are
now ready and will be distributed at a very
special price.

A free copy of the world-famous essay —
"A Message to Garcia" — and a booklet
descriptive of the Memorial Edition, together
with full particulars of our special Introduc-
tory Price and easy-payment plan, will be
sent to those who mail in the coupon.

The Roycrofters

East Aurora

New York

The Roycrofters,
East Aurora, N. Y.

I shall be pleased to receive, without obliga-
tion on my part, a copy of Elbert Hubbard's
"A Message to Garcia," and further informa-
tion about The Roycrofters' Memorial Edition
of "Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great."

Name.....

Address.....

Life 3-27-24



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Everything breaks out at this vernal season:
Chickens ... crocuses ... hats ... lilies ... booklets
... the golf bug ... spring fever ... blossoms ...
maple syrup ... Old Sol ... and love ... not for-
getting the

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Cleaning Fluid That Protects Ivory and Bone and Expands Bamboo. Price \$1.25

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Safe Milk

Ask for **Horlick's**
The ORIGINAL Malted Milk

For Infants, Children, Invalids, the Aged, etc.

Avoid Imitations

They all say GLOVER'S does the Business

Wherever you go you hear men and women say "There's nothing like Glover's for Dandruff and falling hair. It surely does the business."

For 36 years Glover's has been making friends by the thousands, all over the world. If you are a dandruff sufferer, if your hair is falling out, ask for Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine at any good drug store and use exactly as directed.

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127-29 West 24th Street New York City



Man in Background: FOLLOW ME, I KNOW THE WAY.
Man in Foreground: RIGHT, LEAD ON, I'M FOLLOWING.
—Humorist (London).

Letter Writing of To-morrow
The Dinner Invitation

THE SPOTSFORD-ARMITAGES'. 8:30.
Feb. 9. The Ritz-Carlton. R.S.V.P.
the same.

The Bread-and-Butter Letter

DEAR MRS. FEATHERSTONE:
Thanks.
Sincerely,
March 3. H. JONES.

The Love Letter

MY SW'TE:
Kisses.
Thine,
Mon. JACK.

The Business Letter

SIR:
In re y'rs of 9th inst. say O. K.
GREGG,
4/3/24. Sec.

The Son-at-College's Letter

POR:
Stony. Send check.
Aff'y,
17th. WILL.

The Friend-from-Out-of-Town's Letter

DEAR S.:
Arrive Sat.
As ev.,
Fri. K.

The Traveler's Letter

HELLO:
Touring in It. Sail for Af. soon.
G. B.

The Congratulatory Letter

DEAR FRED:
Attaboy!
JIM.

The Political Campaign Letter

TO VOTER:
Spifkins. The only man.
Sep. 11. GUFFLEWITS.

Mrs. Pep's Diary
(Continued from page 9)

Emilie. Nor was it long before Samuel appeared with the statement that a magazine article on the lack of spirituality in modern life had impressed him deeply, in especial the author's assertion that civilization would soon be upon the rocks unless individuals acquired more purpose. Whither, for instance, are you and I drifting? quoth Sam, and he bade me ponder on it then and there, but I feigned a sudden errand and did make the ineffective gin even more so in the bottle Sam was tapping, nor did he note the difference, neither, so that when the Lindseys arrived for dinner he was as sweet and purposeless as usual.

B. L.

New Simplified Lawnmower



\$18.00
direct from factory

MONTAMOWER

NO GEARS—NO LONG BLADES

Trims and Cuts at Same Time

Ten years have been spent in developing the new Montamower—now guaranteed mechanically perfect. Designed to trim close to walls, trees, shrubs, etc.—no handwork necessary. Does not pick up stones, twigs, etc. Thousands of satisfied owners.

Simple, Durable and Different

No gears—no long blades to break or get out of order. Eight pair of cutters driven by eight wheels gather and cut the grass.

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Weights only 7½ lbs. Any woman or child can easily operate it. Particularly suitable for steep lawns and terraces.

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Montamower cutters sharpen themselves like scissors—they will last from two to four years. At the end of that time cutters can be replaced by new ones at no more expense than sharpening ordinary lawnmower.

Montamower has one qualification in common with other lawnmowers. It will not give efficient service on sandy, loose, very wet or swampy ground—nor is its use recommended for high, tough grass or thick weeds.

ORDER A MONTAMOWER TODAY

If your dealer cannot supply, send check or draft for \$18 direct to factory. Guaranteed to be as represented or money refunded. Delivery charges prepaid if remittance accompanies order. Delivery guaranteed on date specified in your order.

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GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN

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Name _____

Address _____

Seven Days in the White House with President Coolidge

Read French Strother's Impressions of
the President "on the job" in
the APRIL issue of

THE WORLD'S WORK

FRENCH STROTHER, associate editor of *THE WORLD'S WORK*, has just had the unusual privilege of seven days of intensive study of Mr. Coolidge under exceptionally favorable circumstances. These include personal conversations with the President; observation at close range of his habits of work during the day; an evening as only guest at the White House; a round trip on the President's train from Washington to New York, and presence at the Lincoln Day banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria when he

made his first full-length political speech since he became Chief Executive; and conversation with some of his intimate friends, all of his secretaries, and some of the press correspondents who have questioned him on public affairs twice every week since he has held his present office. From the vantage point of this intimate contact Mr. Strother has written a most vivid and fascinating article that brings the President *closer* to you than any previous character sketch.

Portraits of President and Mrs. Coolidge in
FULL COLOR reproduced from the original
paintings by Howard Chandler Christy

Also in the April *WORLD'S WORK*

- "LABOR'S BLOW TO CASTE IN BRITAIN," by *Sir Philip Gibbs*.
- "WHEN CABINET OFFICERS BECOME MONEY-MAKERS," by *Mark Sullivan*.
- "HAVE WOMEN GOT WHAT THEY WANT?" by *Clemence Dane*.
- "PARTNERSHIP, NOT PATERNALISM," by *Samuel M. Vauclain*.
- "INSURING DOMESTIC TRANQUILLITY," by *William McAndrew*.
- "THE CRIMES OF COAL," by *Carl C. Dickey*.
- "WHAT ARE ALIENS DOING TO US?" by *Gino Speranza*.
- "A NEW DEFENSE AGAINST STOCK PROMOTERS," by *John K. Barnes*.
- "THE MARCH OF EVENTS—AN EDITORIAL INTERPRETATION."

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Le Misérable

WEARILY he trudged the city streets, gazing forlornly before him, an expression of unspeakable dejection upon his disconsolate face. Pale and wrinkled were his cheeks, and his lustreless eyes bespoke futility, for it had been many hours that he had tramped the pavements, and fatigue had woven its insidious web about him.

Hopelessly he dragged one foot after the other. At the end of the block he halted, and gazed in the direction of the shop that occupied the corner—a little delicatessen shop. Slowly he approached it. What a longing leapt into his eyes! What an agonized craving! What a look of desire! His mouth began to water, his fingers twitched convulsively, his knees fairly trembled. For in the window there were dainties of every conceivable type and description—salads stuffed with truffles and embellished with tasty sauces; sliced, gaping hams; salted denizens of the deep; huge cheeses, artfully bedecked; preserved and pickled fruit; deviled and potted meats; hors d'œuvres of countless varieties. A veritable feast! And for a moment it seemed that the poor fellow would smash the plate glass and seize what he could lay his hands on. But he merely shook his head, and staggered off upon his dreary course.

Soon he found himself in a section of the city devoted largely to the most elaborate type of private residence, and directly in front of such an abode he came to a stop. Then he fumbled in his waistcoat pocket, produced a key which he applied to the great grilled door, and quietly entered. Within, a group of liveried footmen appeared, two of whom divested him of hat and coat, while another escorted him to a charmingly decorated elevator in the rear of the building. On the third floor he entered a small, heavily carpeted room, paneled in stained oak, and sank into a deep chair.

"Yes, Leeds," he told the manservant, "the same diet, as usual. The doctor's ordered one more week of it. And he's making me walk twenty miles a day. Says he can get me down to under two hundred by the end of the month."

And Leeds bowed gravely and disappeared through a pair of heavy velvet portières.

C. G. S.

New Dreams for Old

With changing rhythms softly slow

The clouds of dusk float by,

And, as I watch them fainter grow,

The old dreams die.

For Night, behind the clouds, doth wait

With high hopes in a star,

And I must go—a gypsy's fate—

Where new dreams are.

B. C. N.

FACTS ABOUT A FAMOUS FAMILY



Mothers, sisters, wives

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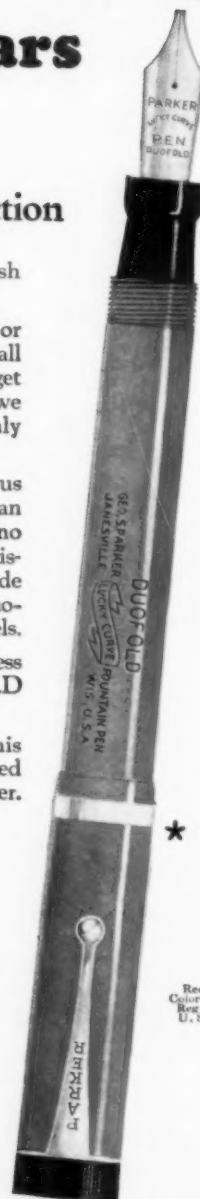
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